THE SCOTT COUNTY NEWSBOY.

PHIL. A. HAFNER, Publisher.

BENTON. . . . MISSOURI.

A LITTLE POST GIRL.

The Trouble a Love Letter Made for Her.

One rainy Saturday morning in the early spring two wagons drew up, almost at the same time, before the post office at Denville, and out of each clambered a little girl. The ground was "breaking up" after a long, severe winter, and as a warm rain had been falling for several days, the roads were almost impassable, so that the two children had to wade through the deep mud before they met at the door. The younger entered first, and, running forward, exclaimed:

"There's a letter in Miss Dorian's box!"

"Yes; but you know very well, May West, that she doesn't want us to get her mail Saturdays," answered the other.

"Well, I'm going to take it this Saturday; for it's so bad out, teacher will never come down to-day, and I'll give it to her the first thing Monday," May declared.

"Very well! You'll see if she likes it," her friend retorted, flushing a little. The truth is that Anna Dent, the older girl, really thought it a good opportunity to do the teacher a favor, but was a little jealous because May had seen the letter first.

Her feelings may be better understood when it is explained that these two girls took turns on school days in going for Miss Dorian's mail. At the beginning of the fall term there had been some rivalry in the district school as to who should go to the post office at noon recess for the new teacher, who seemed eager to get her letters. The honor had at last, by common consent, been yielded to May and Anna, and these two girls had fairly earned the right by their devotion and zeal, which took them on their errand in the face of bitter cold or driving rain, and despite any game, however delightful, the other children might be enjoying in the playground.

Had the post office not been quite out of her way as, tired with the day's teaching, Miss Dorian walked up the long hill to her boarding place, she would doubtless have called for her own mail, for she felt that neither of her young messengers could know how precious to her were many of the letters they brought. What all the children did know was that their teacher was going to marry Mr. Allen, the young man who came out from New York to see her and who sometimes came to the school, and Anna at least was old enough to guess that the handwriting she saw so frequently on Miss Dorian's envelope was his. Seven-year-old May only knew that she would rather suffer almost any misfortune than lose one of the teacher's letters, and was more proud of her trust than anyone could imagine. Yet Anna, who was several years older, often said that Miss Dorian would be sorry some day she had permitted such a baby to fetch her mail.

Until the morning that Anna and May met in the post office, however, all went well. Then it did not occur to either of the girls that Miss Dorian might be expecting the very letter they were discussing, and they did not know that in a letter May had handed her teacher a few days before Mr. Allen had written:

"If you don't hear from me Friday, go to the post office Saturday morning ready to take the 10:40 train. You will find a note there telling you where to meet me."

That is why, half an hour after May had put the letter in her pocket and started home, Miss Dorian entered the post office, and then came out, looking puzzled and disappointed.

"I suppose he isn't going, Alice," she said to the friend who had driven her down; "if he were he surely would have written me;" but as she took her seat in the buggy, and the horse splashed away throwing little mud balls over both ladies, Miss Dorian's face was troubled. That day and Sunday passed slowly for the teacher. The man she asked to stop for her mail Saturday evening brought word there was nothing in her box, and the more she thought of it the less she could understand it.

Mr. Allen had expected to leave New York Saturday to be gone several weeks on business which had called him to Chicago, and Miss Dorian had arranged to go to the city to see him off. As you know, the letter May insisted upon taking told when and where to meet him. If the little girl could only have known this! But how could she?

So Miss Dorian, who knew Mr. Allen was very sure to do whatever he said he would do, had prepared herself to go to the city that rainy Saturday and stopped at the post office without a doubt but she would find a letter awaiting her; and little May drove home, feeling sure she had done something which would please her teacher.

Monday morning May came very near being late to school. On the way one of her overshoes came off in the mud, and it was hard to get on again. So it was only by running until she was out of breath that she managed to slip into her seat just before Miss Dorian tapped her bell and began to call the roll. May felt of the letter in her pocket and longed to give it to her teacher, but thought she would wait until the names were finished.

Just then Miss Dorian said: "Anna Dent," and Anna, holding up her hand, answered: "Present, and please, May West has a letter of yours."

May's heart gave a frightened, indignant throb. Her teacher flushed and looked at her in a way that made the little girl drop her eyes guiltily. Then Miss Dorian said, quite sharply: "Is that any affair of yours, Anna?" and went on with the roll call.

May's name was last, and after a low "present" was spoken, there was a pause. The little girl sat still, her eyes bent on her desk. She could not make up her mind to go forward with the letter. "What would the teacher and all the scholars think?" she asked herself. "It was too mean of Anna—too mean! Just as though she had forgotten!" She felt one moment as though she had done something wrong, deceitful, and the next she told herself she had not. Miss Dorian looked at her inquiringly. "Come here, May," she said. May came slowly forward, and held out the letter. Not one word could she utter.

Frightened and angry, her love for her teacher and her pride wounded, the feelings which raged in May's heart choked her voice, and made her limbs tremble. "You may go to the cloakroom," Miss Dorian said. Perhaps the teacher was glad of an excuse to read her letter out of sight of all those curious eyes, and perhaps she could not help feeling provoked at the child who had caused her so much trouble. At all events she followed May into the anteroom and said to her, in a voice which sounded unlike her own: "You may leave my mail alone after this. You should have known better than to take it on Saturday." Then relenting as she looked at the pale, grieved face, she added, more gently: "You are too young, anyway, I know you didn't mean any harm, but—it made such a difference!"

Miss Dorian opened the letter, and as she read tears came into her eyes and dropped on its pages. It told her, of course, when and where Mr. Allen had wished her to meet him on Saturday.

"He's gone, and he'll wonder why I didn't come," she said to herself. May watched her in silence. When the teacher told her that she could not get the mail any more she felt that nothing worse could happen—the pride of her life was gone; but the words: "You are too young, anyway," added a sting which was sharper at the thought of Anna. And now Miss Dorian was crying! It was more than May could bear to see. Quietly she went back to the schoolroom and sat down in her place. The children looked at her and whispered to each other. And Anna—I shall not try to give words to the passion of resentment against Anna which added to poor May's misery. But she did not cry. The teacher's tears seemed to have awed hers away. Something dreadful must have happened because she took the letter—if she could only run away somewhere, was her thought.

Miss Dorian came back to the school-room, and the hours dragged heavily on toward noon. May failed in her reading and did not seem to care. She would never care for anything again, she said to herself. But she was blinded by tears as she stumbled back to her desk.

Just as the clock struck the noon hour there was a step outside the door and some one entered. Miss Dorian started and gave a little cry as Mr. Allen walked quickly through the room and came to her. May heard the teacher say: "I never got the letter until this morning;" but she did not hear Mr. Allen answer: "It is just as well, for you would have had your trip for nothing." If she had heard it might have made no difference; for when May saw Mr. Allen come in, an unreasoning fright took possession of her. He seemed to have appeared as an awful judge coming to avenge some dreadful thing which she had done, and her only thought was flight. Miss Dorian's words, "I never got the letter until this morning," confirmed her fears that they were talking about her.

As some of the children were going out to play May left the room unobserved. If she had glanced back she would have seen that the teacher and her friend were laughing together and seemed very happy, or if they had noticed the little girl going away Miss Dorian would certainly have called her back to make sure she grieved no more over the letter. Indeed, it was hardly five minutes after May had disappeared that Miss Dorian said: "The poor little thing felt badly, and I fear I was harsh with her because *I* felt so badly. I shall ask her to forgive me and to go for my mail now, to show her I do trust her as much as ever." But May could not be found, and when Anna came up and said, very pleasantly: "I am going for your letters now, Miss Dorian," the teacher answered: "No, Anna, please do not trouble yourself," so coldly that Mr. Allen looked at her in surprise.

When May did not return to school for the afternoon session the teacher felt somewhat uneasy, and wished to send to the child's home to see if she was there; but Mr. Allen said: "Oh, don't worry. She just ran home because she didn't like to see me after I got her into trouble. We'll call on her after school and make friends."

But when Miss Dorian and Mr. Allen went to May's house they found that the little girl had not been there since she started for school in the morning. Then the teacher went in to stay with the now distracted mother, while Mr. Allen hurried away to tell Mr. West, who was plowing in a field near the house, of his daughter's disappearance. Half an hour later a dozen people were doing all they could think of to find May, while Mrs. West and Miss Dorian sat together, waiting with heavy hearts, and starting up eagerly, if any one of the searchers came in to inquire, before starting out again, whether the wanderer had returned.

While her friends were thus looking for her and distressing themselves beyond measure with vague fears of harm and danger, foolish, frightened May was finding out what the world was like away from home. When, without being noticed by anyone, she had slipped out of the yard at recess and run down the road a fear lest some one in the village should detain or take her home had turned her aside into a path which wound through woods and fields and led out at last into a lonely, unfamiliar road. Hardly noticing her surroundings May trudged on, often nearly mired in some muddy places, often stopping to rest, until, after two or three hours' wandering, she found herself at a railroad track. A little further on was a small station with a few houses clustered around, and May, beginning to feel lonely, perhaps, went on toward the little depot. A train was just drawing in as she reached the platform, and several people came out of the waiting-room. Here was just what was needed—a train to take her far, far away. With the other passengers she mounted the steps and took a seat; and as she sped into an unknown country the heart of our little traveler gave a leap of mingled exultation and fright, then sank down, down, with a weight of loneliness. She turned her face to the window and watched the fast flying fields until her spirits rose and she felt almost brave again. Thus May sat quite still until some one touched her shoulder and a voice said: "Give me your ticket, little girl." Her ticket! She remembered now. Conductors made every one on trains give them tickets. May turned two wide, scared-looking eyes on the good-natured face which bent over her.

"I—I haven't any ticket, sir," she faltered. Then bracing herself to meet the emergency she added, gravely: "There's a dollar in my bank at home, Mr. Conductor. I'll give it to you"—here she hesitated and looked puzzled. The bank was on the mantel over her bed; her cosy little bed into which mamma tucked her every night. How could she get the dollar out of it when she was running away?

"Where are you going, my dear?" the conductor asked, when these thoughts had silenced her. May noticed that some passengers who sat near were looking at her curiously, and with a decided air she answered: "To Fairtown." It was the only name she could think of at the moment; her father had driven her there one day when he went on business.

It was not hard now for the conductor to guess that his young passenger was a runaway, and, sitting down beside May, he leaned near and said, coaxingly: "This train does not go to Fairtown. I have a little girl at home myself; tell me where you live and what your name is, my dear." But May only shook her head and would not answer him. Her first impulse had been to tell her kind questioner all about it, but the sudden thought: "He'll send me home if I do," closed her lips. She was not ready to go home yet, though she began to long sadly for her mother. The conductor had no more time to spare, and he was anxious to leave the child as near her home as possible, so he decided quickly what to do. Rising to leave her he said, in a low voice: "The station master at our next stopping place is a friend of mine. He's a very nice man. He has some little girls, too. I'll just leave you with him until you can decide about your train;" then he went on to finish collecting his fares.

When the train drew into the next station May felt glad to leave the people on the car who seemed to be looking at her and talking about her. She heard an old lady just opposite say to a companion; "I'm going over to talk to that poor little girl." But just then the conductor came up and held out his hand, so May took it willingly and followed him almost at a run, as he hastily led her out of the car and through the station into a little room where the ticket man sat. "It's a runaway girl," the conductor whispered to his friend. "Got on next station down. Find out name and address and telegraph her people—it'll be all right."

"Well, I declare!" the ticket man exclaimed, shutting his mouth suddenly. May felt sorry for him and a little embarrassed.

"It's only just me," she remarked, soothingly.

"Oh, it is, is it?" he said, drawing a comical sigh of relief. "And who are you?"

May looked at him appealingly. "I can't tell you that," she answered.

"Well, where are you bound for, little one?"

The ticket man seemed to feel more at home with her now and, after a moment's thought, May said, sedately: "Oh, I'm just traveling a little!"

Her new friend looked at her thoughtfully, and his next question was quite unexpected: "Where's your mother?"

The little girl's eyes dropped and her lips quivered as she said: "She's—she's at home."

"She'll miss you, I guess," the ticket man suggested. May was quite silent, but big drops were gathering under her lashes and splashed down on her clasped hands quick and fast as he went on remorselessly: "When it is time for you to go to bed this evening and your mamma goes up to your room and looks at your bed and wonders where you are, and begins to cry—"

But May interrupted him. "I want my mamma—I want my mamma," she sobbed.

The station master looked very much relieved. "There, there," he said, "to be sure you do, and you'll have her in a jiffy, too. Just tell me your name now, and where you live."

"My name is May West, and I live in Denville," the little girl answered between her sobs. What a relief it was to tell him, and to give up running away! She did not know how the ticket man would get her mamma, but she was sure he would. She watched him play with his fingers on a little machine which made queer noises like a great clock ticking very loud. Then she felt so tired and sleepy that when the station master laid his folded overcoat on the floor, and put a chair cushion at one end for a pillow, she gladly lay down and was soon fast asleep.

About an hour later she was awakened by a sound of voices, and one, which she seemed to know, was saying: "Yes, when I got your telegram there was just time to catch the next train." She opened her eyes and saw her father. He was talking to the ticket man, but was leaning over her with a look in his eyes which made the little runaway stretch out her arms without a thought of fear, although she had given all this trouble.

Her papa lifted her up and pressed her so tight against him she could hardly breathe. He put her down at last and shook the ticket man by the hand a long time, it seemed to May. Then they talked together until a train rumbled in and May started home with her father.

While May was being borne back to her friends, Miss Dorian and Mr. Allen were with Mrs. West waiting to welcome back the little girl for whom they had suffered such terrible anxiety that day. "I feel as though it were all my fault," the teacher was saying, as the three sat talking together, pausing to listen every minute as the time they expected Mr. West and May drew near. "No, no," Mr. Allen cried, "it was all because she was afraid of me!" As he said this the sound of wheels was heard, and Mrs. West jumped up and ran to the door, while May nearly fell out of the wagon in her eagerness to get to her mother

A few minutes later May, quite unafraid, was sitting upon Mr. Allen's knee, while he told her how it made no difference about the letter because he was not going away after all. But one doubt still troubled the little girl. Slipping down from Mr. Allen's knee she went over to her teacher. "What is it, dear?" asked Miss Dorian, as May whispered her name.

"Can I ever get your letters again, sometime?"

"You can always get them, if you like," was the answer, given with a kiss. May thought a moment, and then, lifting her face with a happy smile, said: "I'm afraid Anna would feel bad. We'll just take turns the way we used to." And so they did.—Victoria Y. Remnitz, in N. Y. Independent

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Portugal exports wine, olive oil, figs, oranges and onions.

—The Parsees taught that there were two Izeds, male and female, who presided over marriage.

—Brown—"Tell me truly, do you really admire Wagner's music?" Gray—"My dear boy, I haven't the moral courage to do otherwise."

—Bilks—"My wife thinks there is no one in the world like me." Gilks—"Of course. The human race is not as bad as some would make out."—Detroit Tribune.

—Amiable Visitor—"And this is the baby, is it? Why, it's the very image of its father." Cynical Uncle—"Well, it needn't mind that as long as it has good health."—Chicago Tribune.

—Mrs. Riley—"How is your husband this morning?" Mrs. Doyle—"Sure an' he's awful sick—the doctor says he's got brown gaiters in his chist, an' I don't know what he manes a'tall a'tall."—Newport Daily News.

—It was in the New York World's report of a political meeting that the word "shouts" was so ludicrously misprinted as to make the blunder famous. "The shouts of ten thousand democrats rent the air," read the report.

—Miss Oldhill—"Yes, love is a lottery. I always say every woman has a ticket in that great lottery, the world, and is drawn by the man whom she is to wed." Mr. Youngman—"Alas, Miss Oldhill, your ticket must have been a blank."—Harvard Lampoon.

—"Mamma," said Jamie mysteriously, "did I ever have a little brother that fell into the well?" "No," said his mamma." "Why?" "Why, I looked into the well this morning, and there was a little fellow down there that looked just like me."

—A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is that the pair downstairs are in the same fix."

—Pastor (to peasant girl)—"Why do you weep so much?" Peasant Girl—"Because my lover has gone to the army for three years." Pastor—"But those will soon be over; then he will return." Peasant Girl—"Yes, but I am afraid in the meantime another man will marry me."—Fliegende Blatter.

—An Italian photographer has taken a portrait of Queen Victoria, which has recalled a story of Mr. Downey when he first secured the queen as a sitter. "What did you say?" and "What did she say?" asked friends. "Well," said Mr. Downey, "I took her majesty just as I wad anny ither pearson; and, when I'd settled her, I said: 'Wad it please her majesty tae put on a more favorable countenance?' And she said: 'Sairtainly, Mr. Dooney.'"—Christian World.

FUNCTIONS OF THE HOG'S LEGS.

They Serve as a Vent for the Escape of Animal Heat.

The hog's legs performs a function not known to any other animal, and that is an escape pipe or pipes for the discharge of waste water or sweat not used in the economy of the body. These escape pipes are situated upon the inside of the legs above and below the knees in the forelegs and above the gambrel joints in the hind legs, but in the latter they are very small and functions light; upon the inside of the foreleg they are in the healthy hog always active, so that moisture is always there from about and below these orifices or ducts in the healthy hog. The holes in the leg and breathing in the hog are his prineipal and only means of ejecting an access of heat above normal, and when very warm the hog will open the mouth and breathe through that channel as well as the nostrils.

The horse can perspire through all the pores of its body, much as a man, and cattle do the same to a limited extent, but the hog never. His escape valves are confined to the orifices upon the inside of his legs.

People often wonder why it is that the hog dies so suddenly when he runs rapidly or takes quick and violent exercise by fighting, but when you consider the few escape pipes, their small capacity and remoteness from the cavity where the heat is generated, the wonder is not that he dies quickly when overheated, but that he lives as long as he does when heated up.—Swine Breeder's Journal.

DRESS OF THE PARSEES.

It Is Symbolical of the Mysteries of Their Religion.

The entire costume of the Parsee symbolizes the mysteries of religion. The gauze shirt, bound with the sacred cord of Kusti, must be woven with seventy-two threads to represent the chapters of the "Izashni," and the twelve knots of the heavy tassel signify the twelve months of the year and represent the perpetual obligation of sacred duties. The embroidery of the sloping black hats carries out a further doctrinal signification, and in the white head-bands of the women warp and woof form an elaborate cryptograph of Zoroastrian theology. Even the mode of wearing the silken saris of pink, primrose, azure and green is prescribed by ritual law, though the linen head-band gets pushed further back, and the floating folds of the brilliant veil occasionally combine coquetry with orthodoxy. A solitary instance recurs to memory of a fuzzy fringe framed by head-band and sari, and contrasting strangely with the Asiatic face and beautiful historic dress of the wearer; but the Parsee beauty rarely ventures on such a decided protest against the tyranny of custom and creed.

The possession of unlimited wealth enables the Parsees of Bombay to exercise important control over the fortunes of the city, and rows of splendid mansions in the suburb of Parel show the status of the colony which identifies itself with western progress while retaining original character and ancient faith.—All the Year Round.

Slamming the Doors.

"I don't know of any household injunction that is so persistently disregarded," said Mrs. Billtops, "as 'Don't slam the door.' I think I must speak to the children about slamming the door at least forty times a day, but they pay no attention to it whatever They don't disregard it intentionally but it appears to be one of those things that people are not able to remember; it makes no impression upon them. They may perhaps remember it the first time after they are spoken to, but as likely as not, they will slam the door as loud as ever with the sound of the injunction yet in their ears. Even Mr. Billtops always slams the doors. About most things he is very thoughtful, but about this he is worse than any of the children."—N. Y. Sun.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS

—Graham Griddle Cakes.—One quart graham flour, one teaspoon baking powder, three eggs and milk or water enough to make a thin batter.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Good Graham Cookies—Two cups of sugar, one cup butter, one cup sour cream, one teaspoon soda, flavor with nutmeg, sufficient graham flour to roll. Bake in a quick oven.—Country Gentleman.

—Indian Pudding, Suet.—One pint of corn meal, one pint of boiling milk, one-half pint of cold milk, one-quarter pound of suet, two teaspoonfuls each of ginger and cinnamon, one-half cupful of molasses, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix the meal with the cold milk, then add the boiling milk. Mix well and add the other ingredients.—Good Housekeeping.

—Mock Terrapin.—Make a cream sauce of one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and one cup of cream or good milk. Season with salt and pepper. To this sauce add one pint of cold chicken or veal cut into dice, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, and the whites cut into larger dice Boil two minutes.—Christian Inquirer.

—Tomato Omelet.—Beat well three eggs, a pinch of salt and a tablespoon of flour or a teaspoon of corn starch. Add two-thirds of a cup of strained canned tomatoes. Stir well and pour into a well buttered spider. Cover with a tin cover and set a hot griddle on this. Place where it will brown, but not burn. When the mixture has thickened, slip a pancake turner under it, fold over, slip on a hot platter and serve at once.—Housekeeper.

—Brown Bread.—Three pints of Indian meal, three pints of rye meal (both measured after sifting), one teaspoonful of salt. Mix them well together. Add one cupful of molasses, half a teaspoonful of soda and half a cup of yeast. Then mix the whole together with lukewarm water. Pour it into an iron kettle, and let it stand until it begins to crack on the top. Put it into a moderate oven, and let it bake five or six hours. Use unbolted Indian meal. The secret of this brown bread lies in having the meal coarse.—Boston Budget.

—Cocoanut Pudding.—Make the above cornstarch pudding, leaving out the eggs; when it is done, stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and let it remain on the fire a few minutes to cook the eggs, gently stirring it the while. Then add half of a grated cocoanut. Put it into a round mold to cool. Make a boiled custard of the yellows of the eggs, and flavor with extract of rose; set it away to become perfectly cold. Put the pudding into a pretty dish when you are ready to serve it, and carefully pour the custard all around it.—Woman's Work.

—Russian Cream of Strawberries.—This is a favorite dish late in the season when the fruit becomes very ripe: "Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-quarter of a cup of cold water. Mash one quart strawberries to a pulp with one and one-half cups sugar; let this stand half an hour. Pour over the gelatine three-quarters of a cup hot water, stir until dissolved, and add to the berries and press them through a sieve. Mix with one pint of cream whipped to a stiff froth. Turn into a freezer and freeze until it begins to thicken. Then remove the dasher and stir with a spoon. Put the mass into molds and set them in ice and salt for two hours.—Detroit Free Press.

SMALL CHANGE.

In the Family Exchequer and in the Camera of Social Life.

Small change is indispensable in going about a city. To have only a five-dollar bill in one's purse when riding in an omnibus or car is almost as bad as to have no money. One requires small change, and the thoughtful husband supplies his wife with bright ten-cent pieces and shining quarters just as regularly as with fresh greenbacks. A woman prefers new and fresh money to that which is greasy and soiled, if she can have her choice, and a certain good man, known and loved in a large circle, always makes a point of bringing home to his family the wherewithal for domestic expenses in a very dainty shape. He is deservedly a favorite.

Small change is as valuable in the commerce of life in other departments as in that of the exchequer. There are people who can talk extremely well on learned and serious subjects, but they have no small change. The quick jest and easy repartee of the drawing-room are not for them. Helplessly and hopelessly, with gloom settling over their faces, and despair in their souls, they sit by while less gifted people chat and laugh and have good times. The trouble is they are destitute of small change.

This puts them at a disadvantage in society where there is not time for homilies and treatises, but where everything is froth and foam. The airy butterfly flight of their neighbor confuses and disturbs them. Their forces must, so to speak, be drawn up in order, and prepared to charge on the enemy, horse, foot and dragoons. All this takes time and thought, and the enemy is up and away, skirmishing triumphantly elsewhere, before the unlucky opponent has arranged his line of battle. By all means let those who would succeed in society carry about the small change of witty conversation.—Harper's Bazar.

HE WANTED TOO MUCH.

Juvenile Flower Vender Wouldn't "Give Away" His Source of Supply.

"Li-locks? Apple blossoms? Want some li-locks, mister; five cents a bunch?"

It's a new industry that the North Side urchin has developed. It flourishes at the big barns where the limits cable cars turn and the horse car begins its weary pilgrimage. Any pleasant day from six to two dozen lads can be seen at the barns, each boy carrying tempting bunches of lilacs and apple blossoms. The urchins hawk their wares with the energy of the thrifty Yankee who has popcorn, doughnuts and molasses candy to sell at the cross-roads stations in New England.

"Say, mister, buy a bunch of li-locks?" said one bright-eyed youngster who boarded the grip car before the train turned into the barn.

"I'll buy a bunch," said the passenger, "if you'll tell me where you get them."

The boy hesitated and to gain time said:

"Huh?"

"I'll buy a bunch," the passenger repeated, "if you'll tell me where you got the lilacs and apple blossoms."

"Aw, you want too much for a nickel" cried the lad saucily, as he jumped from the train to call "Li-locks" to a man who hadn't missed any flowers from his front yard.—Chicago Tribune.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

PLANS FOR A SILO.

A Cheap Yet Desirable Structure—Full Specifications Furnished by an Ohio Dairyman. Every Well-Managed Stock Farm Should Have One.

The silo here described is 10½ feet in diameter, inside, and 27½ feet deep; 5½ feet of stone and cement in the ground, and for the other 22 feet a pair of perpendicular board walls with girts, shown in Fig. 2, between. There are no studding; the girts (and sill) are powerful wooden hoops made by cutting 2x8-inch joists to the lengths and angles shown in Fig. 2, and spiking them together in two layers. The lower pieces make the silo an octagon outside, while the inner edges of both the upper and lower pieces make it sixteen-square inside. I cut the pieces for the lower course of such length that a 14-foot joist made three pieces without waste, 4 feet 9 inches (nearly); the same joist cuts four top pieces—every fourth piece being shorter at one end for the doorways at O O. For a

FIG. 1.—ELEVATION OF SILO.

larger silo 13 or 14-foot joists may be cut to make *two* lengths instead of three, thus: 6-foot bottom pieces make a 15-foot silo, and so on. Norway pine takes nails better than hard wood.

The mitre-box for sawing girt pieces with a cross-cut saw will be described in next paper. The mode of drawing the patterns for any diameter of silo is indicated by the lines and angles A B C, Fig. 2, the circles drawn from the common center serving as guides. The patterns were only used to fit a stop against one end and the saw against the other, in the bottom of mitre-box, and until hard wood guides were fastened to hold the saw in position. No further marking is required: the mitre-box "lays out the stuff." Two men with a saw in good order can saw the girt stuff for a silo in half a day. The angles of the bottom pieces should be exactly right, but the pattern for the top pieces may be a little short, as the inside edge is faced.

The sill, Fig. 2, should be made true to circle before the top pieces are spiked too solid. A strip of lumber as long as the diameter, reaching from face to face inside, will show where to strike with the sledge to true up.

We dug the pit about three inches larger than the sill, all round, gradually changing to a circle at the bottom. A couple of joists laid across the pit, and blocked up to the proper level, supported the sill which was then staylathed to the barn and a couple of stakes.

For wall-guide studs, we used the girt stuff, not yet sawed, one for each inside corner half way round, and when the wall was done that side we moved all but the end ones to the other side. These studs were set up on end against 1¼-inch blocks at D, not shown, tacked to each corner, and the studs held to the sill by strips E, tacked (nails not driven home) to the top of the sill and the side of the stud. Section of the stud at F, shows the position. After they are set up, one man on the sill with a plumb line and another in the pit with a heavy hammer soon bring the studs to a perpendicular.

An iron pin driven in the clay holds the bottom from slipping inwards. Use green lumber, surfaced, for the boards behind the studs, 10 or 12 inches wide; the ends should not quite meet

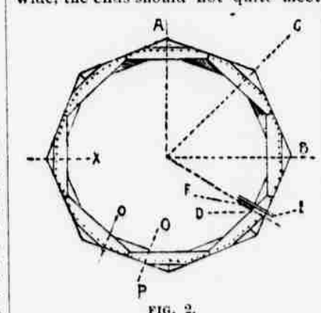

FIG. 2.

where they lap behind the edges of the studs, so they can be raised as the concrete and stone are filled in behind. More about the wall, tile and cement floor in next paper.

When the wall is built up to the sill, rest the sill, level, on 6 or 8-inch square strips of wood laid across. To build the girths, lay the corresponding pieces exactly above those of the sill and nail them together. We sawed props (pieces of old rails) to space the girts, the lower ones 18, the next above 20 inches, and so on to 3 feet at the top. For staylath we set up fence boards 16 feet long and securely staynailed the girt both sides, faces and corners plumb above those of sill. The second girt was nailed together upon the other, raised upon next set of props, nailed to staylath, as before, and so

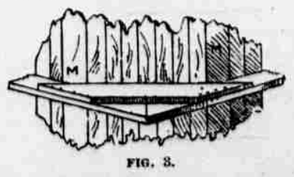

FIG. 3.

on to the top. Girts were so spaced as to bring the center of lower pieces of one just 16 feet above bottom of ceiling. The spaces in this lap-girt, indicated by the dotted lines at X, Fig. 2, were filled by triangular pieces, sawed in the miter box, so as to join the two courses of ceiling, 16 feet and 6, in one straight line around. The staying poles were set up in pairs against each corner, but staylathed together and to the barn so as to stand independent; and platforms put on as the height of work required.

The pine ceiling, thoroughly seasoned, was all cut by measure to two lengths, 16 and 6 feet for the two courses, together 22 feet high; no piecing. The making and applying of the "fat paint" to the ceiling, both sides, tongues, grooves and ends before laying, will be explained at another time.

Parallel plumb lines were drawn from O O across all the girts to the top. The tongue of the first 16-foot ceiling being shaved off and the edge beveled and jointed to fit the angle at P O, was nailed on the plumb line. This formed the jamb casing to the doors, and when the opposite one was fitted to its line all the doors were marked, beveled and jointed to the same width.

The grooved edge of the ceiling faces to the right; two men on the staging outside, and part of the time astride the girts, drive the tongue of the next piece home with a jointed hardwood block a foot long, and a heavy hammer, keeping the top end to the line before nailing fast. If it will not go, it is forced with the block and key, seen in Fig. 4 from the inside. The block is nailed to the girt with short, heavy wire nails, then alternate blows on the key and the (other) block soon make a joint. The block is knocked off, the nails driven back, and it is ready for next time.

The corners should be turned on *two* joints; if the turn is all made on one, in the corner, the tongue does not enter the groove enough. If the ceiling is made of different widths, 3, 4 and 5 inches, we can select in advance such widths as to bring the *middle* of a ceiling over the corner. The idea is given in Fig. 3, where the edges of M M are equi-distant from the corner. They are shown wider than the others, but they should be as narrow as practicable, as only the edges rest on the girts. We supported them toward the bottom with wedges riveted from 2-inch lengths of ceiling.

Fig. 5 shows how to make an air-tight joint where the ceiling meets the concrete. It will not do to "bed the sill in mortar" when it is first laid; the after-hammering breaks it up. The sill rests on the inch-square strips, and

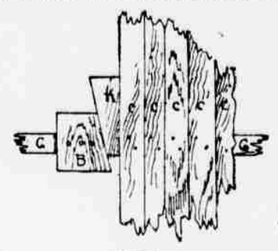

FIG. 4.

to fill the space B, between F, E, we pushed the concrete in, from the outside, with the end of a short board and flushed it against the ceiling C, tamping it solid to the outside. We filled the cavity, A, under the top piece, D,

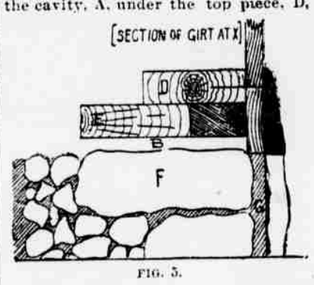

FIG. 5.

from the inside, after the ceiling was partly laid across it, by throwing concrete behind it with a "spoon trowel." The after two coats of cement at G, make the joist sure. Will give further account of drain, tile, floor, doors and painting in another paper.—J. W. Pike, in Ohio Farmer.

Skin Diseases of Live Stock.

Sulphur and salt, used in moderation, are valuable adjuncts to the treatment of skin diseases, but without the simultaneous use of external remedies they cannot be considered sufficient for the cure of scab in sheep. We have often spoken of the pernicious habit indulged in by stock owners of indiscriminately drugging healthy animals with a view of warding off disease; because, by thus interfering with the normal conditions of the body, healthy animals are often rendered more liable to disease, which is then more likely to result fatally than if the animals had not previously been subjected to injurious medication. Salt and sulphur, given without limit in quantity or length of time, are certainly objectionable, because they have a tendency to cause intestinal irritation of a serious nature.

Abuse in Sheep Washing.

It is time now that humanity should lift its voice in thunder tones against the barbarous practice of washing sheep, for it is certainly cruel to drive sheep several miles on a hot day and plunge them into a stream and then return carrying a heavy load of wet wool on their backs. The proper value of wool can as well be determined without the so-called wash, and it would seem even more easy to give a proper estimate of the value, for the writer has seen wool in a worse condition after the ablution than before. If the practice was abandoned sheep could be shorn as soon as the weather would permit and do away with the discomfort to the sheep carrying their fleeces until dry enough to be shorn. Sheep will do much better with fleece off in hot weather.—R. O. Logan, Secretary Merino National Sheep Association.

Bees Transfer the Pollen.

United States Consul Germain, at Zurich, has transmitted to the department of state a report of experiments made in Switzerland to demonstrate that the bee has other uses than as a honey producer. To ascertain whether the bees injured fruit and vegetable flowers by extracting their honey, the experimenters covered part of the branches of cherry and pear trees and fruit bushes with fine netting to exclude the bees. Nearly all of the flowers dropped off the protected branches and there was no fruit on them, while the uncovered branches bore luxuriantly. The deduction is that the bees' visits are necessary to fertilize the blossoms by transferring pollen.

Remedy for Onion Maggot.

Half a pint of kerosene is well mixed with a pailful of some dry material, preferably wood ashes, but sand, sawdust, or even dry soil will do fairly well, and after the plants are well up and the trouble is at hand a sprinkling of this mixture along the rows about twice a week during the time the fly does its work will be found a sure preventive.